

# THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



Christmas  
Number

1912 — 10 Salm  
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# THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



VOL. 4

CHRISTMAS 1912

NO. 1

Issued every Christmas and Midsummer by  
the Alumnae Association

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# THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN

Editor-in-Chief—Jean Morton

Assistant Editor—Rosalind Morley

School Editors—Grace McGaw, Ruth Langlois

Business Manager—Joan Stewart

Assistant Business Manager—Rita Black

Vol. 4.

CHRISTMAS 1912

No. 1.



To those of us who knew and loved every red brick and every inch of ground at 102 Bloor Street East, it is a sad sight to gaze upon where Branksome once was. When the word "School" is mentioned we shall always think of the little red "annex" and the row of poplars outside it on which we used to gaze for inspiration. Poor old poplars! They look sadly over-worked now,—as if they had set too many thought-waves of Latin, German, Mathematics, etc., in motion for the good of their health. Perhaps they are sad and lonely without the happy, laughing girl-faces all about them. And just think of it, there were actually boys playing Rugby where the tennis courts used to be, when I passed the other day. Boys! Ugh! Nasty creatures we must never go near!—that was one of our precepts—of course we still obey, implicitly (note personal column!).

And oh! those perfectly delicious surreptitious dances in the conservatory at recess, when we should have been inhaling fresh air! My, how we adored the creamy, dreamy waltzes and the rollicking two-steps,—unless we were some of the poor unfortunates who hadn't finished their Latin and were "cramming" for dear life in a corner with ears tight shut not to hear the music. And do you remember the Art room, with all sorts of startling likenesses of man—I mean girl—and beast, and studies in still life (mostly apples and grapes); and the "gym" where we learned to improve our "figgers"; and the—but oh! what's the use? It makes the heartache worse.

These were my "melancholy cogitations" as I passed along Bloor and over the Huntley Street Bridge the other day. I had just reached the heartache part, and was indulging in it freely when I arrived in front of the New Branksome Hall. Editors are really very brave, but I did feel sort of quaky as I opened the gate. The huge red brick house with its grand white stone portecochère was tremendously awe-inspiring. I had only gone a few steps up the walk, however, when a joyful medley of sounds from several pianos, accompanied by evidences that an aspiring vocalist was soaring to heights unknown (probably high C) took all the quakiness away. I might give a list of the various selections floating forth, but should hate to have guessed wrong.

I rang the bell, and after a few moments of suspense (accompanied by said sounds) a neat maid, also new, ushered me into the hall, and led the way toward the office. I was waylaid by the sight of one of our esteemed school editors, a smudge on her otherwise immaculate nose, hauling "ghosts" by the neck in the direction of gymnasium. I tried to encourage her in her noble efforts and then passed on to speak to Miss Gardiner, who kindly consented to take me over the premises. First we visited the bright, airy class-rooms, in the new wing added at the back of the original house. I began to feel like Methuselah when we came to the tiny seats and desks of the wee tots, and yet in a way it doesn't seem long since I was seven and had a brand new school-bag.

We then went upstairs to see the girls' rooms, and that's where you reach the heart of the whole house. Oh, those rooms with their little blue cots, and gay pennants and photos! Some



of them were so neat and tidy, others so jolly and happy-go-lucky, with things in riotous confusion—and others just medium! Being a “just medium” myself, I appreciated them, too. A mysterious excitement seemed to be in the atmosphere, for it was the night of the Annual Hallowe’en Masquerade, and all sorts of marvellous feminine concoctions peeped from unexpected corners. In one room we found piles of the daintiest and most original hand-painted programmes, and the Editor wished she had been asked to the party, and the Methuselah feeling came back, and she heaved a tiny sigh.

In the gymnasium, which is connected with the house by a covered passageway, busy girls were tacking up jack-o’lanterns, and draping sheets on “Judys” to give a gruesome ghost-like effect. I looked at the smooth hardwood floor and thought that many, perhaps all, of the dainty little feet that would trip over it so blithely that night, would trip at many a more brilliant social function, but, I venture to say, never at a happier one.

We went back to the house, and, on the way out, peeped into the girls’ sitting-room, where needles were flying through mysterious garments, which were—“Only *part* of what I’m going to wear, and you’ve no idea what it’ll be like!” We also peeped into the drawing-room. The part I saw, which was the amount we opened the door (about seven feet by three inches), was very grand, but we retreated precipitously on finding we had tracked the aspiring vocalist to her lair!

When I was once more wending my way across the bridge I had another attack of the Methuselah feeling, but the heartache was not as bad, for I could love the new Branksome *almost* as well as the old. Let us all wish it, and Miss Read, every success in the fresh endeavors to have the word Branksome stand for all that is best and truest and noblest in the women who will take their places of various degrees of responsibility in all parts of the world—from Formosa to Alaska, from Australia to Paris—and, most of all, right here in our own Canada. Our best wishes go, too, to our beloved Honorary Principal. May she never have cause to be ashamed of one of her Branksome Girls!

## Alumnæ Meetings.

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Our Fourth Annual Alumnæ Meeting, which we held last June, was very similar to that of the preceding year. As there were about one hundred girls present, the members of the executive were called upon to give much time and thought to the luncheon, which they gladly did. We were honored by the presence of Miss Scott, Miss Read and nearly all the Branksome staff. The graduating class of the school, as well as many out-of-town Alumnæ members were also with us. The gymnasium was very prettily decorated in honor of the occasion with the school colors, each table having a centrepiece of ferns, surmounted by a tall basket of flowers tied with red ribbons. After the luncheon the following toasts were proposed:—

1. "Their Majesties," proposed by Jean Morton.
2. "The School," proposed by Olive Kinnear, replied to by Miss Scott.
3. "The Principals," proposed by Rita Chesnut, replied to by Miss Read.
4. "The Absent Members," proposed by Marguerite King, replied to by Marie Thompson.
5. "The Branksome Babies," proposed by Hilda Rutherford, replied to by Mrs. Hawkins.
6. "The Future Alumnæ," proposed by Mrs. Plant, replied to by Marie Parkes.

After the toasts to "The School" and "The Principals," Miss Scott and Miss Read were presented with bouquets by the Alumnæ.

Our Retiring President, Ethel Ames, also received a bouquet given by the members of the Executive as a token of appreciation of her untiring services for the Association. We very much regret Ethel's decision to retire from active service, and wish to tell her how much we have enjoyed working under her for the past two years.



Miss Read very kindly took the chair during the election of officers for the season 1912-13. The results of the elections were as follows:—

Editor of the Slogan—Hilda Rutherford.

Business Manager—Joan Stewart.

Assistant Business Manager—Rita Black.

Honorary President of the Alumnæ—Miss Scott.

President—Rita Chesnut.

First Vice-President—Mrs. Plant.

Second Vice-President—Grace Morris.

Secretary—Marguerite King.

Assistant Secretary—Margery Kilmer.

Treasurer—Jean Morton.

After a considerable amount of social intercourse and many good-byes the meeting broke up. It was voted a huge success by all.

Hilda Rutherford has since found herself unable to keep her position as Editor of the Slogan, and Jean Morton has very kindly consented to fill the position.

For the coming season we are planning a series of talks by well-known speakers. We are hoping to get our members interested in the various present-day movements and we also hope that the Alumnæ will be able to take an active part in helping on some one definite work.

As this is the year of the Dickens' Centenary the Committee was very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, who gave us one of his famous Dickens' talks at our opening meeting.

It has been decided to make our February meeting an entirely social one, at which we will entertain the Branksome girls. We are hoping in this way to interest them in the Alumnæ, and make them more anxious to become members of it when they leave the school.

RYTA K. CHESNUT.

## A Trip to Volendam and Marken.

One of the most interesting trips to tourists travelling through Holland is that to Volendam and Marken, the former a small town, and the latter an island in the Zuyder Zee. In both these places the native costumes are worn; and very few fail to take this trip as it gives a splendid idea of Dutch peasant life.

Early one beautiful morning we left Amsterdam for Volendam. Our first stopping-place was Brock, which is said to be the cleanest town in the world, and, as one looks down at the flagstones and at the pretty green and white cottages with their well-kept lawns, one can well believe this. Not long ago the good people of Brock washed their streets with milk, but now all their milk is used for making cheese, which is the chief industry of the town. We visited a farm where we were initiated into the mysteries of its manufacture.

We found the church in this quaint little place very interesting, too. It is about one hundred and fifty years old, is white-washed on the inside, and, instead of pews, has rush-bottomed, straight-backed chairs, which seem very uncomfortable, and would certainly not tempt one to go to sleep during the service. They have a very unique way of taking up the collections—bags, adorned with bells, are passed on long sticks. Under the floor of the church, which is of cement, many people have been buried, and on the grave of a tailor a huge pair of scissors has been carved.





Our next stopping place was Volendam. The Volendamers dress in the quaintest costumes. The men wear long, full baggy trousers, jackets ornamented with large, white china buttons, and tight-fitting caps. The women wear full skirts and aprons made from two different kinds of material; their hair is cut short, and they wear caps with "wings," which are very picturesque indeed. The chief industries of the town are duck-raising and fishing.

The Island of Marken is about half an hour's sail from Volendam. This island has a population of one thousand three hundred souls—nine hundred adults and four hundred children. It also boasts of four trees and one policeman, who is deaf. Their costumes are somewhat different from those of the people of Volendam. The men's trousers are short and full and they wear sweaters and close-fitting caps. The women wear a great number of petticoats to make their dresses stand out. The more petticoats one wears in Marken the more "stylish" one is.

Until the age of seven years the girls and boys dress exactly alike, except that the boys have a circular piece of cloth sewn in to form the top of their caps, while the girls have not. At the age of sixteen years a girl has all her hair cut off except enough for two curls, which hang down at either side of her face.

Just as we were embarking to go back to the mainland we saw a bride and groom. (It appears that, for two weeks after the wedding, the bride and groom keep walking around the island almost continually.) The costume of the bride was very pretty, being beautifully embroidered and trimmed with lace. It is always carefully put away after the wedding and honeymoon and is handed down from generation to generation. The groom's costume was very funny, consisting of the short, full trousers and





sweater like those of the other fishermen—all the men on this island are fishermen—but, instead of the tight-fitting cap, he wore a high silk hat. He was smoking a clay pipe which was about two feet in length and trimmed with paper flowers.

On leaving Marken we crossed to Monnikidam, a quaint, little town, which is the proud possessor of one of those mechanical town clocks which one sees so often in Germany. Just as the hour is about to strike two wooden knights, mounted on wooden horses with lances in their hands, pass and repass, and a little figure blows the hour on a trumpet.

After spending a short time in Monnikidam we got on the trolley and in about an hour were back in Amsterdam once more, after a most enjoyable day.

AINSLIE McMICHAEL.

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### THE PREFECT'S LAMENT.

Oh, it's left, right, left,

On Huntley and Bloor and Elm,

And oh, but it's hard for the girls in the rear,

But it's harder for her at the helm,

For its left, right, left,

To the leaders it's misery, battle,

For when they should sound like but one maiden's step,

They sound like a whole herd of cattle!

G. McG.



## The Haunted House.

Galloping along a lonely country road we came to a little side path, and being venturesome spirits, urged our horses through the bushes covered with vines and wild creepers, and came on an old broken-down cottage.

All around it were signs of neglect and desolation. We tied our horses in a dilapidated old stable at the rear of the house, and wandered up and down the deserted garden paths. So this was the haunted house of which we had heard so much! The place certainly gave ground for people's superstitions. Dead leaves were strewn everywhere, the autumn wind moaned plaintively through the bare branches of the trees as if crying for a lost soul, and dusk had already overtaken us. My companion glanced nervously around and suggested in a subdued voice that we leave the place and proceed on our way. We were both well armed, however, and, not being superstitious myself, I felt a strong desire to explore the cottage. After a few minutes' hesitation my companion consented, and we ascended the three rickety steps that led to the porch.

The house itself was but two storeys in height, and if it had ever been painted the sun, wind and rain had done their work well, for the place had taken on that nondescript color which comes from long exposure to all kinds of weather. The few windows had been broken long ago, and cobwebs had taken the place of the glass.

We pushed the old wooden door. With a mournful groan it swung slowly back on its rusty hinges, and we found ourselves in a long, dark passage. Just then a gust of wind blew in.

"What's that?" exclaimed Philip, pulling me roughly by the sleeve, and starting back. He pointed to a doorway ahead, and I saw something white waving to and fro. "Richard, I refuse to go any farther," he announced, "this may be a den of thieves."

"Philip," I retorted, exasperated by his foolishness, "that is nothing more nor less than a piece of paper blown by the wind. You forget that the door is open." Philip is younger than I and apt to be silly at times.

We went on. A large square room opened off either side of the hall, dimly lighted by a single window, most of the plaster had fallen down, and beyond a pile of dirty rags in the corner of one room, we discovered nothing but filth and dust, which were in abundance everywhere. At the rear of the building one long room extended the width of the house. It had evidently been

the kitchen, for in one corner lay a heap of rust-eaten iron which might once have been a stove. From this room there was a flight of stairs going up. They looked rather shaky, however, and I would have turned back, but now the spirit of adventure had entered Philip's soul, and he eagerly protested against such a thought. "Indeed we won't," said he, his voice expressing fine scorn; so up those shaky old wooden steps we went. The steps objected and creaked ominously, but the top was reached in safety.

Upstairs it was black as pitch, and the atmosphere very close; rats scurried past, and once or twice we espied the bright eyes of a garter snake.

"Light a match, Philip," I said, "and let us see the place." Philip did so. As the flame blazed up we discovered a short passage in front of us with a room opening on either side of it. The place was as silent as the grave and our voices and footsteps echoed and reëchoed through the deserted house. Cautiously Philip opened the door on the right side—just then the match burned out—I struck another. Its light fell on a room similar to the one below with the exception of its slanting roof. We passed out, disappointed.

"The other will be the same, let's go, it's getting late." Philip's tone expressed baffled anticipation and discontent.

I, however, struck my last remaining light, and opening the other door looked in.

"Philip!" I shouted, "*Philip!*" Philip, who was halfway down the stairs, tore up again, three steps at a time.

"What's the matter?" he cried, alarmed.

There I stood shaking, yes, I must admit it. I always claim it was the cold, but Philip is apt to argue on this point. "Philip, there is a man in that room," I whispered. "A man or ghost, with a light, too. I never saw a more murderous-looking face in my life."

"Ghost! nothing!" scoffed Philip, as he kicked the door open, first, however, drawing his pistol. Expecting to see Philip murdered I had mine ready also to defend him as best I could. What, then, was my surprise when he burst out into a peal of laughter. I peered cautiously over his shoulder, and his lighted match revealed—a full-length mirror.

"Ho! Ho!" roared Philip, "that's a good one! Murderous-looking ghost! Ha! ha!"

Of course after a survey of the room, I was bound to admit I had been mistaken. Why will people leave their mirrors behind when they vacate a house?

ALLEEN ERB.



## The Unreliable Mrs. Martin.

As I slowly descended the kitchen stairs on New Year's eve I heard Mrs. Martin, our charwoman, telling my mother that she could depend on her to help us out with our New Year's dinner party, which was to be held the following evening.

When I reached the kitchen, my mother was congratulating herself on having discovered such a treasure who would work cheerfully on a holiday; and, feeling quite content that all would be right on the morrow, we both had a fine night's sleep.

I did the lunch dishes next day as in a dream, thinking of my new, frilly dress, which was lying upstairs all ready to slip on. A little while after I heard the kitchen door close, and concluded that the dinner was already progressing in the capable hands of Mrs. Martin.

But what a delusion! An hour later my sister Constance rushed into my room, exclaiming excitedly, "Elsie, my dear, Mrs. Martin hasn't come, and Aunt Tilda and Aunt Julia have arrived unexpectedly. What *shall* we do?" I cannot explain my feelings at that moment, as with a savage jerk I pulled off my dress, slipped into an apron and fled downstairs. Sure enough the kitchen was just as I had left it, no Mrs. Martin, and, consequently, no dinner.

I dashed toward the sink, took a dipper of water and rushed toward the kettle, but alas! in my haste and excitement I lifted a stove-lid instead of the kettle-lid and threw a dipperful of water upon the red coals. Fortunately no one was hurt, and after a few minutes' confusion things settled down again. I never did more successful mathematics in my life than in the next hour. I calculated the number of plates, glasses, knives, forks, etc., for twenty guests, in the time it takes a turkey to cook.

By this time I could hear some of the younger ones arriving and knew that Constance would have her hands full. Mother had no idea of the state of things in the kitchen, and we had decided not to tell her.

Slowly the time wore on, till at last the dinner was really ready, and the guests entered. Of course they were surprised at my non-appearance, but as I knew very few of them, I do not think I was much missed.

I had no sooner put the plum pudding on the table and returned to the kitchen than there was a rap at the door, and on opening it I found Mrs. Martin. At first I was frightfully angry.

Then I thought, with relief, that at least I would not have the dishes to wash, but what was my surprise when the lady entered, and said in explanation: "You see, Miss, my sister came up to-day, and as she had tickets for the show this evening it seemed a pity to waste them. Besides," she added, half defiantly, "No one is compelled to work on a holiday." "But," I interposed. She interrupted me airily, and went on, "You owe me a couple of dollars, and I'd be much obliged if you'd pay me, for I thought as how we'd like a little supper afterwards."

Too astonished to speak, I brought her the money and watched her and her companion strut off.

I determined then to wash the dishes, slammed and locked the door, and began to consider myself a martyr. Mechanically I went about my work, cleaning more dishes of all sizes, and cut glass than I ever thought we possessed. Then, as I looked down at my soiled apron and thought of Mrs. Martin sitting complacently in the velvet seats of some theatre, thoroughly enjoying herself, I sank down with a little sob on a pile of wet tea-towels and ended my New Year's Day with lamentations.

ISOBEL BRYCE.

---

### LIGHT AND SHADE.

---

Oh, maiden of sorrows, of sighs, and of tears,  
Thy grief draweth pity, thy pathos endears;  
But when thou approacheth, all light becomes shade,  
Dark clouds loom above us, the fair flowers fade.

Oh, maiden of gladness, of joy, and of mirth,  
The great planet Jupiter shone at thy birth;  
And though some see only thy frivolous mind,  
This world would be better with more of thy kind.

MABELLE MARLING.



## THE DAY GIRLS OF FORM III, '08.

Seven little Branksomites,  
Full of wicked tricks;  
One of them got married,  
Which left only six.

Six little Branksomites,  
After learning strive,  
But one took a big lunch box  
To Halls—and now there's five.

Five little Branksomites,  
Feeling rather sore,  
One joined the Alpha Phis,  
And now there's only four.

Four little Branksomites,  
A gay quartette would be,  
But one of them rides in a Hupmobile,  
Which leaves exactly three.

Three little Branksomites,  
But, if what we hear is true,  
One stopped off in Lindsay  
To shop (?)—so now there's two.

Two little Branksomites  
Having lots of fun,  
One became a demonstrator,  
So now there's only one.

One little Branksomite,  
Left all alone.  
They made her Editor-in-Chief of the Branksome  
Slogan, and she can't even think of a rhyme to finish up  
this sad ditty.

## Epilogue—

And now of all these Branksomites,  
Who once went to our Hall,  
And there learned many wondrous things,  
We can find no trace at all.

J. A. M.

## L'Histoire D'une Goutte D'eau.

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La montagne, contre laquelle notre nuage alla se heurter était terriblement froide. J'étais un atome de vapeur, et à ce contact je sentis frissonner tout mon petit corps. Je savais que je possédais des qualités de liquéfaction, mais maintenant que ce changement se faisait en moi si soudainement, je ne pouvais m'empêcher de laisser tomber plusieurs grosses larmes.

Bientôt, je me trouvais entouré de beaucoup de mes amis, dans une petite rivière qui coulait au pied de la montagne. Là, nous passâmes quelques jours charmants, jouant gaîment avec les rayons du soleil qui venaient se mirer dans notre eau claire. Il faisait un temps superbe, et les journées semblaient être des minutes, mais peu à peu je remarquai que tous mes amis, disparaissaient, et que j'étais presque seul. Cela me rendait triste et solitaire, et lorsque je voulais pleurer, je ne pouvais pas, parce qu'un petit rayon avait volé mon coeur et mes larmes.

Quelques semaines après, nous entendîmes des hommes se disputer et se tuer entre eux. Je crois qu'on appelle tout cela la guerre, que les hommes veulent pour l'honneur de leur patrie. Certainement, je préférerais la vie de mes frères à l'honneur de la patrie, si j'étais homme, mais une petite goutte d'eau ne peut guère comprendre les actions humaines. Je sais seulement que quelquefois notre rivière fut terriblement souillée de rouge.

Un jour deux soldats vinrent près de moi et parlèrent d'une grande victoire, mais ils parlaient à voix basse, pour ne pas troubler dans leur repos tous les blessés qui les entouraient; et pendant que je me demandais ce que c'était qu'une victoire, on me prit avec plusieurs de mes compagnons pour rafraîchir les lèvres fiévreuses d'un soldat mourant.

Ma mission sur la terre était accomplie, j'avais apporté un bienfait; et un rayon de soleil me remporta au ciel.

MABELLE MARLING.

## The Regina Cyclone.

It was about four-thirty in the afternoon when the cyclone struck Regina. In a few moments the air was full of dust, flying pieces of timber, and all kinds of débris from the houses. Suddenly it became perfectly dark.

My sister, her friend and I were in my bedroom, and were not able to get out of it before we heard the windows crashing downstairs. I shouted to the girls, but they could not hear me, so I took hold of them, and dragged them into a clothes' closet in the room. The roar was deafening. The house seemed to rock on its foundations. Then it flashed on me that probably the house would collapse, and we should be buried in the closet, and perhaps smothered to death; I turned suddenly and shoved the door open. The worst of the storm was over, though only a few minutes had elapsed, but it was still quite dark, and the remains of blinds, curtains and glass, blew into the room with every gust of wind. The air had a peculiar odor and the rain came pouring down.

As we ventured out of the room we discovered that the door was smashed to slivers, and there was quite a pile of boards in the hall. We went on down the stairs. All the windows were broken, blinds, curtains, and screens, were ruined, pictures and many other things were missing.

We were not alone long, as many of our friends, who knew that just the three of us were at home, came to see if we had escaped. They brought us accounts of other people who were very much worse off than we were. Some houses were badly damaged, some upside down, and others razed to the ground and their occupants buried beneath the ruins.

The after-experience was worse than the actual three minutes of the storm. People with their faces cut and bleeding, rushed up and down the streets, calling for axes and saws to begin the work of releasing those who were buried beneath the collapsed houses. Ambulances were lined up on the side streets ringing their bells to direct the rescuers carrying the injured or dead from the scene of the disaster, church bells tolling and fire whistles blowing, all added to the horror and confusion of the scene.



One is struck with amazement as one walks through the wrecked portion of the town to-day, that many, many more were not killed. How miraculous must have been the escapes from death!

It will take only a few years to make the place itself look as it was, indeed much improved; but a lifetime will not serve to blot out the sorrow which many sustained by the loss of loved ones; and the experiences of some of the survivors will never be forgotten.

BEATRICE BAKER.



## A Salmon Cannery in Victoria.

During my trip to the Coast this summer, one of the most interesting and enjoyable days was spent in Victoria. We were anxious to go through a salmon cannery while there, and a friend of ours who was very kind in showing us the sights of the town, drove us out early in the morning to within half a mile of one of the canneries. This half-mile we had to walk, along a railway track in the pouring rain. (Victoria, we were told on good authority, has very little wet weather, and we just happened on an unfortunate day.)

On entering the cannery we found the atmosphere extremely fishy, so much so that we were doubtful as to whether our strength of mind would prove sufficient to keep us there for the appointed time. Fortunately we became more or less used to the overwhelming fragrance, and were able to follow the foreman around and see pretty well what was going on. That morning they had had what they called a small catch, something like twenty-seven hundred fish, but to our unsophisticated eyes it seemed an immense quantity.

When the fish are brought in they are left in a big pile on the floor at one end of the building and are taken up, a few at a time, and held in a machine which cuts off the heads and tails, and splits open the bodies. The insides are taken out and then the fish are sent along a moving belt, past a number of large tubs, where Indians wash them. When one of the workers is ready for more fish, he just opens a little wooden door at the top of his tub and this blocks the progress of the fish on the belt and turns them off into his tub. When he has enough he shuts the door again.

After being washed, the salmon are passed on to another row of workers, who cut them up. Then the pieces are taken to tables, where they are put into cans with the skin laid next to the tin. The tins are taken on large trays to a machine that has little brushes for cleaning off the grease and then they travel along, single file, on a belt to another machine, where the tops are placed on and soldered. Next they are put in ovens and steamed for half an hour. After that the cans are dropped in boiling water to find out if there is any air inside. If there is air a little hole is punched in the top of the tin to let it out, and then it is soldered up again. The cans are now put back in the oven and steamed for an hour at a temperature of 240 degrees Fahrenheit.

When they are cool a little Japanese man shakes each tin, and can tell very quickly which are full and which are underweight. The full ones are all put together and sold as first-class. All the tins are piled up, brick fashion, to within a few feet of the ceiling, and in the winter they are lacquered and labelled. The cans are made, too, in the same building, during the winter time.

The employees in this cannery are of mixed nationality, Indians, Chinamen and Japanese. Quite a number of Indian women were at work, and they sometimes work, we were told, with papooses strapped on their backs. We were surprised to see a number of Indian children playing around on the floor, apparently happy in spite of the prevailing fishiness.

It seems they have machinery which can do the work the women would do, as satisfactorily and more quickly, but they have to employ the women in order to keep the men.

We left the cannery to wend our way back along the railway track, still in the teeming rain, feeling considerably enlightened and moderately curious as to whether we should relish canned salmon at our next encounter quite so much as on previous occasions.

The whole process was conducted in a very cleanly manner, but sometimes these glances "behind the scenes" are anything but appetizing. I, for one, I am glad to say, find myself quite able to enjoy the product still without being haunted by memories of raw and mutilated fish.

ETHEL M. AMES.



*"She fairly sat on him."*



## A Freshette's First Impressions.

"Let's look as if we were quite used to it and didn't feel a bit nervous," we said. So we tried to adopt an extremely non-chalant expression, and marched up to the sacred portals of that most dreaded, and afterwards most loved, of institutions, the University of Toronto.

Of course I think the standpoint of any girl who has lived in the city all her life cannot be that of a true Freshette, for she knows so very many of the girls at Varsity, in comparison with a girl who has gone to school in some far-off town all her life. Nevertheless, I am sure my inward feelings were quite "fresh and green" enough, even if my outward appearance was a little more composed than that of some others.

We were very fortunate in having someone to take us round to register and enroll nearly all the time. But, if we were left to our own resources in the halls for more than a minute, we felt like fish out of water. We did feel at home, it is true, in the cloak-room, where only a few months before we had taken last despairing looks into a Latin book or European History, and had gone in to an examination resolved never to forget that 476 was the date of the fall of Rome. Five minutes later we were debating whether it was the Battle of Adrianople or Châlons! The East Hall also had a familiar aspect, and we recognized with delight the dear, beautiful, ugly old Indians, who line its walls. They had certainly been inspiring when we wanted to write "solch un" for "such a," in a French exam!

Now, however, in that hall beautifully printed signs were tacked up in different places with "French," "German," "Latin," etc., inscribed thereon. And we stood in line and wended our way very slowly up to the Registrar's desk to receive the precious little cards which we must not lose under any consideration. Then we went to the tables under the various signs and the professors there said: "Monday, 2 to 3, room 65;" or "Tuesday, 9 to 10, room 6;" or "Friday, 10 to 11, West Hall." We gazed helplessly at one another and said: "Yes, Monday, from 6 to 5, room 2 or 3, but Tuesday?" The poor man sighed, and repeated it all over again, only to leave us in a worse muddle than before!

At last it was over, and we had leisure to look around. Stately Seniors stalked about in gowns and directed poor, bewildered Freshies. Here and there a happy group of friends gathered, who had not met since the spring—or perhaps since the

results of the "sups" came out! Everyone looked jolly and happy, and I decided that it might not be so terrible after all to give up the dear old school-life at Branksome for that at Varsity. (Needless to say, I never have that feeling when I am over at School, or meet any of the "House of Lords"!)

That first afternoon we went to hear the President's address at Convocation Hall. Everything was certainly lively there! A number of us went in together and were carefully—and loudly—counted. Then, just as we got seated, a hapless Freshman elected to sit near the front. Instantly cries of "Pass him up" sounded, and before our admiring eyes dozens of willing hands lifted him to the skies, then set him down again in his new place, right side up with care! It certainly was a funny sight. Every Freshman who came in that way was "passed up." The *very* green and fresh ones struggled madly to keep their feet on the floor which, of course, was utterly impossible. Others, after a futile grab at thin air, abandoned themselves to the inevitable. Others, who had been to boarding-school, we decided, went up quite gracefully, one or two even waving to the assembled multitude! Between the "passings up" the different college and year "yells" were given, and the uproar was delightful, especially when it was accompanied by numerous groans.

When the Faculty came in and seated themselves, there was a breathless moment, and I expected "God Save the King," but no—

"Toronto, Toronto, Toronto, Varsity!

We'll shout and fight for the Blue and White  
And the honor of U. of T.

A riperty, a raperty, a riperty raperty re,  
Toronto, Toronto, Toronto Varsity!"

Just that shout coming in perfect unison from hundreds of strong throats, in that domed building, was about as impressive as anything I ever heard. There were no groans that time, because everyone there felt that it was the best yell of all, the one in which all could join together.

When we first started lectures things seemed hopeless. My first notes are utterly ridiculous jumbles of nonsense, but I soon got to know what were important points and to let the others go. It was also dreadfully embarrassing to be stamped and clapped when we came into a lecture, but we soon made a point of going early to some lectures.

One thing which amused and mixed us was the seemingly endless number of societies to join, meetings to attend, lists to sign, fees to pay, and—notices to read! Some people say they can always tell a Freshette because she reads all the notices, but

I'm sure we should have missed a great many lectures and meetings if we had not carefully scanned the notice board every morning.

It was a dreadful blow when we heard we had to wear gowns! It seemed as though we should be most frightfully conspicuous in them. As far as we could see only Seniors wore gowns, but soon the very "good" Freshies adopted them, and now it is quite a common sight to see three or four gowned females hastening down the corridors with yards of black material flowing behind them. It certainly gives them a learned and academic air, and I do not think it will take us long to get used to them.

The first year elections caused much excitement. There was a long list of nominations, and we felt very important as we went up to the West Hall to cast our votes. As soon as we got anywhere near the door we were met by an army of men, holding out cards on which "So and So for President," or "So and So for Treasurer," etc., was inscribed. A manly voice said, "May I solicit your support as Councillor?" We said "Certainly," grasped his card, and two seconds later gave the same promise to someone else.

Then we went up to a table where two grave-looking individuals sat, one of whom signed and handed out a long list of nominations, and the other looked up our names in a fat book and crossed them off. We tried to retire with our slips and make our little crosses in peace, but about a dozen men crowded around, saying, "Vote for So and So as Athletic Director. He's the best man in the year!" We marvelled at the vast number of "best men" there were!

I might say here that all males are "men" at Varsity, whether they are boys of sixteen or so, whom you have always considered mere children, or real men somewhere near thirty. It makes no difference, there are no "boys" at Varsity, and even the girls are spoken of as "women"!

The morning after the elections everyone crowded round the notice board to see the results. There were cries of delight or groans of disgust as the different names were read out. But the year of 1T6 felt itself quite big when it was able to talk of "Our Executive." It seemed then, as if we really belonged to things and were just as well organized (in our own opinion at least) as the Sophs, our worst enemies and dearest friends. And we feel we have this advantage over them, that we have a whole year more than they have before us in which to "make good."

A. E. MARIE PARKES.



## A Summer Disaster.

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The unexpected often happens. Little did we think as we started from the cottage on a bright August morning that before noon we would have to ask assistance of the large tugboat. We were a gay party of about fifteen girls. The only men of the party were Dad, and the men on the launch. All went merrily until after we had gone about seven miles, and, as Dad was at the wheel, we were perfectly happy. Unfortunately for us, as we neared the swing bridge, the bridge-tender swung it a little farther than usual, and when the launch went under the bridge in this unusual course, it landed on a sunken crib.

The boat received a terrific jarring, and we were tossed about considerably. Our two young children were very much frightened, and even the older members of the family did not feel at all safe. It did not take us long to decide that we would all be much happier out on the river in the rowboats, and, as it happened, we had three boats with us. All of the campers at the summer resort offered us their aid also, and we had little trouble in finding accommodation for everybody.

We decided that the aid of the large river tug was necessary to pull the launch off the crib, so we whistled five times, a signal for help when in distress. The tug was soon at our side, and then we found out how badly we had grounded.

It seemed that our boat had gone across the pier, until the keel at the stern was caught on the filling of the pier.

The humor of the occasion presented itself here, as we looked about us and saw two small children with swollen eyes in one boat, another boat filled with happy girls, each with a camera in her hand, and still another boat with the older members of the party in it. Our guide, the engineer and a few helping friends soon tied a strong rope to our launch, and began to pull away, but the poor old thing was stuck fast. The guide got out in the water on the crib, which was just deep enough to reach his knees. Guides are so used to dampness that that did not seem to bother him.

We found that this method was not going to be satisfactory, so each one offered a suggestion. After about an hour of hard labor our little craft slid off the crib into deep water, floating and none the worse for its accident.

While all of this was going on, the traffic of the town was stopped, so, when the bridge was again swung back in place, it was almost overwhelmed with life. The launch was tied to the farther wharf, each rowboat brought in its burden and we started on our way again, a very merry crowd, undismayed by this little accident.

MARGUERITE KING.



## THE BRANKSOME SCHOLAR.

I am a little Branksome girl,  
Not yet launched in the social whirl;  
I dearly love my teachers true,  
And everything they say I do.

On Sunday I put up my toys;  
I do not look at naughty boys,  
For into wicked men they'll grow,  
And to a warmer place they'll go.

I save my pennies for abroad,  
To send to orphans in Manmad;  
I make for these small heathen, too,  
Gay silk work-bags of many a hue.

And oh, to Branksome Hall I'll stick;  
And later on I'll try matric;  
At Christmas time they'll hang for me  
A funny (?) joke upon the tree.

R. L.



*A Relic of the "House of Lords."*





## A Story of the Crees.

It was towards the end of September, 1881, that our party, which had been exploring the country at the foothills of the Rockies, left its summer paradise, the home of the Blackfeet Indians, and started eastward. Crossing the Cypress Hills we journeyed three days over the prairies when we were overtaken by that enemy of travel, the Northwest blizzard.

Camp was pitched and impatiently we were waiting for the storm to subside, when we were surprised to see two figures approaching along the trail through the driving snow. As they came nearer we made them out to be a tall stalwart man and a young girl. their dark. smooth complexions betokening Indian blood. A thin, wolfish Indian dog trotted ahead guiding them along the trail, for they were both snow-blind.

As the Indian joined the group about the fire and stretching out his cold hands to the heat, said in good English, "How nice and warm," we could not fail to see in this castaway Indian a nobler type of manhood than Indians are usually given the credit of possessing.

For a few moments there was silence, and then, as if in apology for his intrusion, he said, "I am only a poor Indian, Humphry Faveur. My daughter and I were overtaken by the storm and nearly perished with the cold." Then, as if remembering his one-time greatness as the hero of many fights, he drew himself up, saying, "However, there are many brave and good Indians. Behold, the mark of the poisoned arrow of the sneaking Blackfeet!" and he drew aside his blanket, exposing a nasty scar on the side of his right knee.

We asked him to tell the story of how he had received the scar and, due probably to the warming effect of a draught of firewater, secured from the medicine chest, he gave us the following tale:—

"Long before the white men had come to our plains I was head warrior for Big Black Bear, chief of the Cree nation. One day after returning from the hunt to my tepee in the Cypress Hills (you know we always hunt small game alone), I found my squaw sitting with bowed head, looking very sad. Standing before her I asked what had happened during my absence, and, without raising her head, she replied:—

"Three nights ago I heard the small owl screech but could not find him. That night I dreamed that the Blackfeet had lain in wait for our young men, as they went to gather gum from the silver pines on the far side of the hills, and had killed them all. The second night I dreamed the same dream. Last night, though I tried to forget, I saw again our young men being surrounded and killed. I am sad because I know that it is true."

"I knew also that what my squaw had dreamed must be true. We packed our furs and skins and started at once along the trail to our village. On the way many other braves left their hunting fields and joined us, but when we reached the village we found the old men, squaws and papooses who had been left there, quite undisturbed. They had not heard of any Blackfeet being in our country.

"My squaw had described the surroundings of her dream and it was easy for me to tell where all had taken place. Many times when I was a young man I had gone with others to gather gum from the same silver pines to put upon our eyes in the fall and spring when the glare from the snow makes us blind.

"We sent out runners to bring in our braves, and in a day the village was filled with excited bucks, anxious to get to the scene of my squaw's dream, for it was found, when the young men of our village were counted, that twenty-two were missing.

"When it had become dark we started by trails, known to our tribe alone, and by daybreak had reached the pines. Here we kept careful watch until bright day, afraid to smoke our kinnawinick, lest prowling Blackfeet should be near.

"A small party was sent ahead and in a short time they returned to tell us that they had found the place where the young men had been gathering gum. When we came to the trees, where the blisters had been recently broken, we searched the ground but could not discover any sign of a fight. However, it was not long until an old Indian uttered a grunt of satisfaction. He had found a gum bag partly filled. We trailed the owner of the bag, and after going a short distance, the braves, leading the way, stopped suddenly, while over their faces gradually stole a look of horror and dismay. Before us in an open space, surrounded by a thick undergrowth of willows, lay our young men, but not one alive to tell the tale of how they had been entrapped. Their

bodies were pierced with arrows, the arrows of the Blackfeet; some had been slain by tomahawks, and all their scalps had been taken. A passion for revenge took possession of us, but all were silent until Big Black Bear spoke:

“Our enemy, the Blackfeet, know that we think not always of war, but often go on the peaceful hunt. Because the buffalo have moved eastward for a season we shall have plenty and will prosper, while the Blackfeet will have a hard winter. Yet they would not accept our offer to cross our hunting grounds on account of their hatred to the Cree nation. Our young men must be avenged and every scalp repaid fourfold to their kinsmen before revenge is complete.”

“Our nation was now on the warpath. While some of the young braves returned to the village for ponies and dried meat, a Council of War was held. It was decided to follow the trail of the Blackfeet. Though they might try to cover their tracks we were sure that the Cree was a match for the Blood (from their arrow-tips we knew that it was this hated branch of the Blackfeet who had slaughtered our young men).

“Having first made sure that all the enemy had left our country, we searched and found the trail where they had left the wooded lands for the plains. At daybreak we started, a band of three hundred braves, and by the second night had trailed them to the Rock, where a spring bubbles up from beneath, now called by the white men Seven Persons’ Coulée.

“As we were now approaching the Blood reserve we moved cautiously, and by sunset had reached the St. Mary’s River. Here we found that the Blackfeet were awaiting us, encamped farther up on the opposite side of the river. Before daybreak we crossed at the ford farther down, and then our chief divided us into three bands, one mounted and two on foot. I was placed in the band with Big Black Bear. When all the braves were gathered together our Chief addressed us:

“We are all that stands between the cruel Blackfeet and our squaws and papooses; every brave must fight like two men, not giving nor expecting any quarter. We may not see one another again at the Cypress Hills, but the Great Spirit will be with us and will guard us against the poisoned arrows of our hated foes. If there are any squaws amongst us, let them turn their faces to the hills and return to the villages.”

“As the first rays of sunlight fell across the plains we advanced towards the Blackfeet. Our mounted braves, shouting their battle cry and shooting their arrows, charged the main body and drove many of them to the bank of the stream. Then our bands on foot advanced and the battle raged, a hand-to-hand conflict. Tomahawks flashed in the sun and the air was filled



with the yells of the warriors. The Blackfeet greatly outnumbered our little band, and the fight seemed to be gradually going against us, though we fought like fiends, fired with the desire for revenge. I saw that our noble chief had been separated from the rest and surrounded by the Blackfeet. I rushed to his aid, and together we slew two of them and drove the others to the river.

"Finding that we were being driven back and would soon be surrounded, we collected what remained of our braves into a body, and with the war cry of the Crees, flung ourselves upon the enemy. They could not withstand our attack, and were driven over the steep bank into the torrent below. Those who struggled to the surface were picked off with arrows or killed with tomahawks by our young men.

"In this battle at the St. Mary's River one-third of our braves were slain and half of the remainder wounded (this scar shows where one of the poisoned arrows pierced my knee), but the massacre of our young men in the grove of silver pines had been avenged."

Many other stories and legends of the Crees were told us by Humphry Faveur as we journeyed together across the plains as far as Fort Qu'Appelle.

GRACE M. MORRIS.



*"There goes the bell!"*

## Atlantic City---Between Seasons.

The season in Atlantic City is at its height in the months of May and September. It is then that thousands of people from all over the continent visit this popular resort.

My first visit to Atlantic City, however, was in the month of October, when the hint of frost in the air reminded us that winter was approaching.

A great feature of Atlantic City is the Board Walk, extending for five miles and about as wide as Yonge street. It is made doubly interesting by the stores and hotels facing it on one side and the great, wonderful ocean on the other.

To anyone visiting Atlantic City for the first time the store windows are a source of great amusement and pleasure; the wares are laid out in such a fascinating way with attractive signs promising "Regular one-dollar value for forty-eight cents," and many people (I speak from sad experience) who are tempted and buy these things, find farther along the Board Walk the self-same article for twenty-five cents. It is annoying, but all part of Atlantic City.

The hotels are interesting, too, and range from the big Marlborough-Blenheim, to the small, insignificant boarding-houses and cares displaying their bills of fare.

The piers form a great attraction, and extend a long way into the ocean. They who brave the mighty breezes and find themselves at the end of a pier feel truly that they are on the "briny deep." One of these piers was built by a Mr. Young, and so is called "Young's Million Dollar Pier." His summer house is situated about the middle of the pier. On a cool October day it looks rather chilly.

On this pier twice a day big nets of fish are drawn up. This is an extremely interesting sight on account of the great variety of fish in the nets. The trained seals may also be seen on this pier, and are really more intelligent than one would imagine.

Riding in the bath chairs forms one of the distinctive occupations on the Board Walk. It is the custom for everyone to have a chair and to be taken about in it by a negro for an hour or two. There are about two thousand of these chairs in operation, and one may hire them at intervals along the walk where darkies stand and call out invitingly, "Have a roller, have a chair, have a rolling chair," or "Have a chair down, have a chair down."

It is certainly interesting to observe the characteristics of these negroes. We had a very amusing one in our hotel, who ran the elevator. I used to tell him that one of the surest ways to rise in the world was to go up in an elevator. He enjoyed jokes as much as anyone I have ever met—particularly his own.

One morning, soon after I received word from home asking me to write an account of Atlantic City for the Slogan, I was coming down in the elevator when George enquired what all the paper I was carrying was for. "Well, George," I said, "I am trying to write an essay" (that sounded important) "on Atlantic City, for our school paper at home." "Well, Missy," he replied, "don't forget the elevator boy," and so I promised him I wouldn't, although I was doubtful how he would be received by the sedate editors of our Branksome Slogan.

And I must not forget the ponies, the dear little Shetland ponies who stand so patiently on the beach and look so delighted if small boys or girls are placed on their backs. Sad to say, in the cool autumn days the little ponies and the larger horses, too, get stiffened up with rheumatism and one is sorry then to see them on the beach.





Naturally the number of bathers is small in October compared to the number in September, but there are still a few who venture out and dive as gaily through the waves as if it were a warm summer day. One day it seemed to be quite the fashion for everyone who owned dogs to take them in, too. One big black dog went out on his master's shoulder and when he was finally ducked swam bravely by the man's side for ten or fifteen minutes. Another small canine was captured by a lady and taken into the water, but he seemed to have an intense dislike to the rolling waves, for, as soon as he was put into them he pulled for the shore as fast as his little legs could go.

The flower-stands on the Board Walk are a great temptation. Flowers can be bought there much more cheaply than they can in Toronto.

So, to put it mildly, there is plenty of opportunity given for spending money.

In summing up the amusements and pleasures of Atlantic City we surely must not forget the ocean. As we watch the ebb and flow of the tide, and listen to the roar of the breakers on the shore we can understand something of the feeling which inspired Byron when he wrote:

“ Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll,  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,  
Man marks the earth with ruin:  
His control stops with the shore.”

D. O. T.



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CRUSH, CRUSH, CRUSH.

Crush, crush, crush,  
On teachers and girls as well,  
With a longing last long lingering look,  
At the tinkle of the bell.

Oh, well for the uncrushed maid,  
As she plods along on her way;  
For free she is from clinging arms,  
And she has no bills to pay.

And the stately crush goes on,  
A scolding from her would kill—  
But oh! for a touch of the crush's hand.  
And one of the looks that thrill.

Crush, crush, crush,  
At the foot of the stairs—ah me!  
Those tender looks that a crush can give,  
Will live to eternity.

GRACE McGRAW.

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*"The Triple Alliance."*

## One Jolly Week.

If you have ever spent a week at a copper mine in Northern Ontario you had better not read this, as perhaps your experiences were vastly more exciting than ours; though at that time we were quite positive that no party had ever—in all history—started out so gaily (and arrived so tired) as we did. The latter fact we tried to ignore.

For days we had been planning whether or not it would be possible to accept the kind invitation of our mutual friend "John" (who originally hailed from Chicago) and his jolly sister (also from Chicago, and spending her vacation at the mine) to spend a week with them, twelve miles from anybody, even the game warden, who is a person to be feared during the month of August.

It finally was decided that we would go; which meant thirty miles to drive, twenty-five the first day, a rest over night, and the remaining five the following day. The last five miles were walked by all of the party except the person who happens to be writing this, and our genial friend "John." We drove over a trail that rivals anything on earth for roughness, and "John" really lead the horse most of that five miles, so there was only one of us that arrived there in state, after all.

Our costumes for this jaunt were not of the society column order, and off we drove in a big cart (it may have a more stylish name but we have never heard it) three men, three females of the species and enough supplies for a month at the mining camp. An extra horse—named Nellie—brought up the rear of our imposing outfit. As we did not meet a single soul from noon until six o'clock, nobody was imposed! Then, when we had firmly decided that never again would we be limber enough to move (that cart being innocent of springs) we were driven to a "comfy" farm house, where a very bark-y dog announced us and a good natured farmer-lady met us, ushering us in to the best supper that was ever set before mortals. (The proverbial little sparrow had told her to expect us.). A little rest after supper, then we were hustled into our chariot so that we would reach the river before dark. The road was so rough, the men walked most of the way, but we got there just as it was growing dusk. It happened to be the Mississauga River and the current was very swift, so the ceremony of getting the whole party over occupied more than an hour.



A huge flat-bottomed boat, manipulated by the men, conveyed the "guests" and supplies over first, then back they went, perched our wagon on the boat, rowed to our side, unloaded it, then back once more when "John" collected the three horses and with a rein attached to each he boarded the boat, the horses swimming three abreast against the current. The final landing made, a walk of one mile brought us to the cabin where we were to spend the night. We surely were a sleepy, happy throng! And that cabin! It was so exactly like a cabin ought to be, even though it had neither doors nor windows, just the skins of many moose and deer—and how we loved it!

After toasting our toes before a great camp-fire we had a final supper of Campbell's soup, and extract of coffee with condensed milk (you couldn't believe how good it all tasted), then we were shown to our rooms. It may help you to enjoy the party if we explain that our sleeping quarters were in the loft of the barn, one side being reserved for the girls—the men across the way. If you have never slept in a hay mow, reached by a rickety and almost rungless ladder, you have missed a heap of fun. As the rule, "No talking after retiring," was strictly kept, we had one glorious rest, and were only slightly stiff from our journey.

Our breakfast was served in our *apartment*, the men having gone out early and captured some speckled trout from the nearby brook. After dressing in our prospectors' outfits we started for a special treat—to *really* shoot some *really* rapids. They were about five miles up the Mississauga, and we reached the starting point by trail. We were put into the canoes and cautioned to sit square and not breathe crooked for fear of our very lives! We did live, as you may infer, but we were rather damp and excited, because it was a sure-'nough thrilling ride.

At the mine there were three cabins, known as the cook house, the bunk house and the office. The latter was usually "John's" residence, but deeded for the time being to us. The camp cook and the superintendent of the works received us and the appetites we had collected *en route* were regaled with delicious moose steaks, and a most elaborate assortment of cakes and pies. We each had a granite plate, cup and set of necessary implements assigned to us.

The superintendent, who was otherwise known as "Uncle Sam," weighed not one ounce less than three hundred pounds, and entertained us with tales of his adventures in other parts of the world—the diamond mines in Australia principally—and as a good-night caution told us not to scream if we heard the wolves howling during the night. We didn't take this idea very seriously until about three o'clock in the morning when we were

awakened by a weird moaning in the distance and a decidedly creepy sensation up and down our spine. The noise came nearer. We grasped each other firmly by the hand—prepared to die together—when John's kind head popped in at the door and told us not to be alarmed. The wolves were on the opposite shore of the bay, about one hundred and fifty feet from us! We did not care for a closer acquaintance.

The days were glorious! Such sunshine and clear air, and not a sound but the explosions in the mine. We looked forward to being taken down the shaft, which was really a very young one, only sixty feet. There were various ways of going down—in a bucket worked by a pulley, or by a ladder which seemed quite steady; the latter method looked the most hopeful from the surface, so was chosen. "John" volunteered to go down a rung or two ahead, then down I started bravely. Oh! how that ladder wobbled, it did not seem to be rooted anywhere and about half way down a new ladder started, the transfer being made with much of "John's" assistance. Finally (it seemed hours) the end was reached, and after splashing into a foot of water we were given lanterns and picked our way along mysterious damp passages, watched the men poke dynamite into holes and collected some good specimens of the ore. It seemed a queer place to be and the weather sixty feet below the surface seemed sixty below zero, so we started on the return trip. Having come down by the ladder route and being none too enthusiastic about it, we decided to come up by the bucket. Fortunately we are thin and capable of folding ourself compactly into a small space, so the pulley was worked—and up we came, bumping the sides every few minutes, till we reached the level again and were duly "snapped" with the bucket for a "car," and the "works" for a background. So, you see, we have proof of our trip into the mine, if there are any doubters among Slogan readers.

Space forbids a description of the wonderful days spent on the most beautiful chain of lakes in Northern Ontario, the stillness of the evenings and the perfect moon, which seemed to be trying to make poets of us all;—and how we would like to take time to tell you of the two Southern men who were also at the party, one a professor in a Southern University, and his "pal" from Mexico. Their sole aim was to shoot a moose, though they would not have recognized one in a Zoo. But one day, when they had wandered far, the Professor man did shoot an innocent little pheasant all to pieces! He collected the remains carefully and on the return trip met the carefully eluded game warden. It was too cruel! But then we always did suspect "John" of having seen the game warden first, and those Southerners were so tender.

The week passed too quickly! And the return trip was some-

times funny and once almost tragic, when the person who, in the first place drove over the trail in state, started back also in state. It was raining and after dark, and the trail had not become smoother in our absence. "John" was driving very carefully. I was holding a lantern at arm's length in one hand, a camera and a deer's horn (a donation from good Uncle Sam, who has since been called away from the mines of this earth), in the other hand, when one wheel of the little buggy hit a projecting log, and over went the whole outfit. Lantern went out, and there was a hundred feet sheer drop down the hill. The trees prevented me from getting a good start down, and it seemed an age before "John" found his voice and called. Getting a muffled answer (for my mouth was downwards) he felt along the ground and soon collected the girl—the lantern, camera and deer's horn clasped tightly in her arms. Wet matches refused to light the wet lantern so the good Nellie horse guided us safely the remainder of the way. Oh! it was funny! And we were so wet! The girls who had walked by the other trail were at the cabin before us and as their trip had also been eventful, most of the night was spent in comparing experiences, getting dry and warm. Quite late (or rather early) we were piloted over to our "apartments" in the hay mow. We did so hate to go to sleep because it was the last night we were to stay there, and it was not easy to say good-bye to "John" and his attractive sister, who had given us one of the healthiest, happiest and jolliest weeks we had ever known.

H. O. R.

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### POETICAL SUGGESTIONS!

We asked a wise and learned man  
(Mayhap his name was Peter).  
He said, "We'll first decide upon  
A special kind of metre."

We asked a lady what she knew  
Of metres—she replied:  
"They tell us when the gas bill's due—  
Alas! alas!" she sighed.

This question we put to a man  
And thusly he replied:  
"Why either meat—or fish'll do  
If it is nicely fried!"

To a gay gallant we then repaired,  
Said he, without a falter:  
"Well, if you really want to know,  
I'll meet her at the altar!"

J. A. M.



## Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on September the twenty-third. The following officers were elected:

Honorary President—Miss Scott.

President—Betty Mickleborough.

Secretary—Dorothy Chown.

Treasurer—Beatrice Baker.

Alice Reid and Dorothy Adams were appointed to look after the cutting out of the flannel underclothes that we make for the Nursing-at-Home Mission each winter. We decided at this meeting to continue to pay for the two orphan children in India that Branksome Hall has supported for a number of years, and also to keep the little untainted child in the Leper Mission, whose support we undertook for the first time last year.

The next meeting was held on Tuesday, October the eleventh, when Dr. Patterson gave a very interesting talk on Zenana life in India.

On the eighth of November Miss Neufeld told us about her work in the Central Neighborhood Mission House in St. John's Ward here. They are trying to make good Canadian citizens of the immigrants of all nationalities that are now coming into the city in such numbers. It is interesting to note that men of all denominations are working side by side on the board of the Mission. Miss Edgar then gave a short address on Y. W. C. A. work, which was also very much enjoyed.

DOROTHY CHOWN,  
Secretary.

## Beta Kappa Notes.

October 9th.—The opening meeting of the Beta Kappa was devoted to the election of the following officers:

Honorary President—Miss Macdonald.

President—Grace McGaw.

Vice-President—Jean McDougall.

Secretary—Ainslie McMichael.

Treasurer—Dora Thompson.

Musical Convener—Anita McLean.

Debating Convener—Ruth Langlois.

October 18th.—At the second meeting of the Society the programme consisted of several vocal and piano selections, and a debate, "Resolved, That Brutus was justified in taking his own life," which was won by the negative.

November 1st.—Instead of the usual fortnightly meeting the Hallowe'en masquerade was held on this date. When all had arrived, partners were chosen for the Grand March, which was led by the Gold Dust Twins. After winding in and out among the rooms the procession finally proceeded to the gymnasium, which was tastefully decorated in truly Hallowe'en style with ghosts and pumpkins of all sizes, ranging from the huge lighted ones enveloped in white sheets, to the little ones mounted on black paper, which grinned at us from all over the white walls.

Miss Scott received the guests.

Three extras were danced, after which the masks were removed, and great was the surprise occasioned in some cases. The lights were then turned low, and all gathered in a semi-circle round a huge black caldron and its three guardian witches. Beautiful presents, such as whistles, jack-in-the-boxes, black cats, etc., were given to the possessors of the thirteen lucky numbers, and then followed the fortune-telling, which caused a great deal of amusement. The remainder of the time was spent in dancing, and then all returned to the house, where refreshments were served, thus bringing to a close a most enjoyable evening.

The costumes were particularly good this year, there being some very fancy as well as pretty ones.

Among those present were: Hero and Leander, Romeo and Juliet, The Sunbonnet Twins, a Bride and Groom, Buster Brown, Mary Jane, three dwarfs, Les Misérables, a sailor boy, a number of gypsies, witches and many others.

AINSLIE McMICHAEL.

Secretary.

Christmas  
Greetings.







## Branksomites at Varsity.

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This year, as in former years, Branksome Hall is very well represented at the University. Among those registered in the first year are Marie Parkes, Agnes Campbell and Agnes McGillivray, in Moderns; Phyllis Anderson, in English and History, and Isobel Caldwell, Ethel Walker and Florence Buchner, in General.

Stella Fleming passed her first year with second class honors in Moderns, and is back in her second year. Annabel Auld, Jessie Ferrier, Mary Taylor and Margaret MacLennan are also in their second year.

Joy Robinson and Dorothy Code are registered in third year General, having successfully passed their second year examinations.

The only Branksome girls in the graduating year are Alice Anderson and Laura Aitken, both of whom are in the General Course.

Rita Chesnut, who graduated last year with first class honors in Household Science, is back at the University as Assistant Lecturer in Bio-chemistry.

LAURA K. AITKEN.

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It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you've left undone,  
Which gives you a bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



## Oh, Those Teas!

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The following is what came in violent contact with the hearer's ears during five minutes in a tea-room:

"Why, my dear, how perfectly lovely!"—"Yes, and she told me"—"Isn't the table a dream?"—"Poor 'ittie fmg, he's cutting his eye-teeth!"—"Oh! don't you just love that man, and doesn't he play the grandest game?"—"Of all the"—"It was horribly crowded"—"And she wobbled so on that top note"—"Coffee, please,"—"You know she looks ghastly in green"—"Why, my dear, I forgot to put salt in them"—"And she told me"—"After the fifth dance"—"Oh, I loathe that man"—"Two ices, please"—"I don't see how she can"—"I adore these macarons"—"Why, I haven't see you for ages"—"Mother, I want to introduce you to"—"Is my nose shiny?"—"I paid seven dollars"—"What a duck of a hat!"—"There, I knew she'd spill it"—"An operation for appendicitis"—"Home from the West"—"No, I don't know a thing for the personal column of the Slogan!"

And mere men think we don't have a nice time at teas!!!

J. A. M.

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## EXCHANGES.

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We regret to say that owing to Branksome having moved during the summer a great many of the exchanges were lost. Nevertheless we wish to thank those colleges who so kindly sent us their magazines in exchange for ours and hope to have a complete list in our next number.



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# SPORTS.

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The athletic season opened as usual with the election of officers. The following girls are on the Committee:

Secretary—Betty Mickleborough.

Treasurer—Ainslie McMichael.

Captain of Forms IV and V—Grace McGaw.

Captain of Form III—Elva Stevenson.

Captain of Form II—Rita Harvey.

Captain of Form I—Grace Hawke.

The Match Team consists of—

Goals—Elva Stevenson, Ruth Stewart, Laureda McAndrew.

Centres—Ruth Caven, Mary Macdonald, Betty Mickleborough.

Defence—Dora Adams, Marjory Lyon, Marjory Hazelwood.

The following girls play on the House Team—

Goals—Gladys McEvoy, Grace Hawke, Marjorie Baird.

Defence—Marjory Hazelwood, Alleen Erb, Irma Brock.

Centres—Mary Macdonald, Grace McGaw, Betty Mickleborough.

The Day Girls' Team is made up of—

Goals—Elva Stevenson, Ruth Stewart, Gertrude Ianson.

Centres—Rita Harvey, Gladys Trethewey, Georgia Harvey.

Defence—Lila Mullin, Gladys Ellis, Jean McGillivray.

This year the Junior School are playing basketball and are most enthusiastic about it.

The success of this year is largely due to the systematic practices conducted by our indefatigable games' mistresses, Miss Bruce and Miss Gardiner.

A series of very interesting matches have been played between the House Team and the Day Girls' Team for the Branksome Hall Shield.

As a result the shield was awarded to the Day Girls' Team, which won by several points.

The first match of the season took place on Monday afternoon, October 8th.

We played St. Margaret's and the game proved a decided success for us, in a score of 26—6.

On Monday, October 15th, we played Havergal on our own court. As usual Havergal played a splendid game, which ended in the score of 15—8 in favor of the visitors.

The return game with St. Margaret's was played Thursday, October 31st. The teams were evenly matched, and the game ended in a score of 15—13 in our favor.

On November 7th our first game with Bishop Strachan School took place here. Our visitors played under a decided disadvantage, owing to a difference between their courts and ours. The score was 16—4 in our favor.

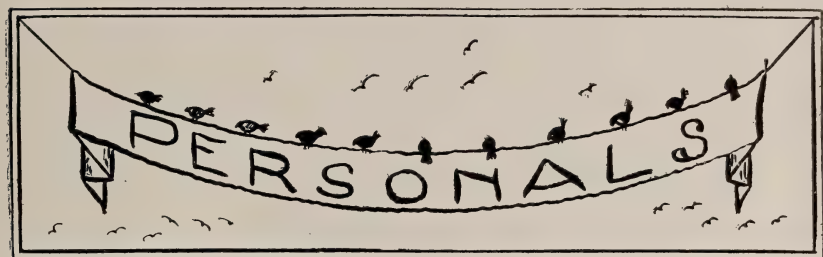
We have still to play the return match with Bishop Strachan School, and a match against the Varsity team, which will close our basketball season.

We have organized a team to play ground hockey this year, a new departure, over which the girls are showing great enthusiasm.

Owing to the increased space in our new grounds the games have been more enthusiastically taken up than ever before and by a greater number of girls.

BETTY MICKLEBOROUGH.

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Miss Jean McTavish has entered the General Hospital, Toronto, to train for a nurse.

Miss Joan Stewart, our business manager, had a delightful trip to Chicago and Winnipeg this fall.

Mrs. Tom Keefer of Ottawa (Edith Holland), has a little daughter, who arrived in July.

Last year's assistant business manager, Miss May Mackenzie, was married to Mr. Roy A. Webster, of Hamilton, on September 12th. Among the Branksomites at the wedding were Miss Scott, Rita Chesnut, Annabel Auld, Jean Morton, Joy Robinson, Stella Fleming, Daisy Robertson and Edith Kelk.

Another interesting wedding was that of Miss Heather Lennox to Mr. Arthur Trebilcock, on September 16th.

Miss Marcia Allen is at the Margaret Eaton School this year. We hear that Mar is quite an artist in gymnastics.

Miss Esther Eddis, Miss Jean Stark and Miss Constance Crawford are Branksomites who make their début this year.

Mrs. Edmund E. King gave a most delightful tea on November 7th, for her daughters, Marguerite and Edna. The Branksomites assisting in the tea-room were: Rita Black, Rita Chesnut, Annabel Auld, Jean Morton, Florence Hamilton and Florence Taylor, of Gananoque, who came to town for the event. One of the latest engagements of interest to us all is that of Marguerite to Mr. Norman Wheeler.

Miss Rosalind Morley is attending the Art School this winter.

Miss Rita K. Chesnut, B.A., is demonstrating in Bio-chemistry at Toronto University.



Miss Ruth Caven is going to Macdonald Hall, Guelph, after Christmas. Miss Bertha Alexander, Miss Dorothy Kennedy and Miss Dorothy Leeming are already there.

The latest addition to our Cradle Roll is the tiny son of Mrs. W. E. Cragg, of Ingersoll (Nora Wilson). He arrived on October 6th.

Miss Rita Black is very busy these days, being greatly in demand as a singer. Rita is also a brilliant success as a business manager.

We hear that Miss Constance Burke and Miss Phyllis Stevenson are enthusiastic golfers.

There are two of our girls who are to be married very soon, Miss Theresa Goldie to Mr. Arthur Chamberlin, and Miss Mary Hanna to Mr. Lewis. We wish them all sorts of good luck.

One of the loveliest of fall weddings was that of Miss Georgina Sylvester and Mr. Harvey Ellis, which took place on October 2nd. Miss Ida Pearson was maid of honor.

Miss Ainslie McMichael, who has been abroad for some time, is back again at Branksome.

Miss Lily Thompson was in town for a short time during the summer.

We regret very much to say that Miss Hutchison has been ill for some time, but hope she will soon be quite well again.

Last June Miss Constance Macdonald was married to Mr. F. A. H. Fitwell in Dawson City. In the same month Miss Ruth Curry and Mr. Ross Austin were married, also Miss Marguerite Woodroffe and Mr. Jack Lees.

Sturgeon Lake was quite a *rendezvous* for Branksomites this summer. Miss Rita Chesnut, Miss Joy Robinson, Miss Stella Fleming, Miss Jean Morton, Miss Edith Wilson, Miss Marcia Allen, Miss Agnes McGillivray and Miss Ruth Caven, all spent some time there.

Misses Margaret and Esther Eddis spent the summer at Stoney Lake.

Miss Ethel Ames paid a visit to New York in October, after returning from a delightful trip to the Coast with her cousin Edith.

Miss Marjorie Warner was another of our girls who spent the summer out West.

Miss Marjorie Hutchins is in New York studying singing.

Miss Nora Bell, of Winnipeg, was at the Alpine Club camp. Nora is an enthusiastic mountaineer.

Miss Marie Thompson was in town for a few days early in October. She intends to do private nursing in New York this winter, and she and Marguerite are to live together in a flat.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maida Ruttan, Port Arthur, to Mr. T. A. Thompson, of Edmonton. The marriage is to take place in November.

Miss Theresa Goldie was out West for a couple of months this summer, in Calgary, Vancouver and the Okanagan Valley.

Miss Margery Kilmer visited North Bay for a couple of weeks in October.

Miss Irene Warner visited Miss Maida Ruttan in Port Arthur this summer.

Miss Laura Fitzsimons was married on September 24th to Mr. Frederic Nicolai. Laura was one of the 1904 girls.

Miss Louise Curtis, of Saginaw, Michigan, was married to Mr. Archie S. Hall on the 16th of October. They are now living at 754 Lathrop avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Jean Fleck, of Ottawa, has returned from Europe after a year and a half spent in study and travel. Jean was in town for a couple of weeks in October.

Miss Cole is in residence this year.

A beautiful autumn wedding was that of Miss Marie Mitchell and Mr. Leslie Seale, which took place on October 19th.

Another Branksome engagement is that of Miss Maisie Reid and Mr. Ross Humphrey. The Slogan extends its congratulations.

Miss Georgia Watts is at school in Switzerland.

Miss Marjorie Lyon, Miss Laureda McAndrew and Miss Elsie Bain are attending the Lillian Massey this year.

Miss Mabel Murphy, of Westmount, is at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, devoting her time to elocution.

Miss Mabel Richardson is an occasional at Queen's this year. Miss Marjorie Hopkirk is also continuing her studies there.

Miss Ivy McDonald is expected in town after Christmas.

Miss Louise Maclellan is studying at Trafalgar in Montreal this winter.

We desire to send our sincerest congratulations to Miss Helena Wighton on her splendid success in physical culture work.

Miss Muriel Allen made a short visit to Toronto recently, but has returned to Regina.

We were delighted to see so many out-of-town girls at the first meeting of the Alumnae. Apart from the annual meetings it was the largest one we ever had, and the Executive felt greatly pleased that so many of the girls are still interested in the school and its doings.

One of the jolliest events of Tuesday, November the sixth, was a dinner party given by Miss Dora Adams in honor of the famous "House of Lords." Among those present were: Marcia Allen, Ruth Caven, Agnes McGillivray, Marjorie Lyon, Edith Wilson, Laureda McAndrew, Madeline Chisholm, Rosalind Morley, Betty Mickleborough, Phyllis Anderson, Mollie Ponton, Grace McGaw, Dorothy Chown, Mabel Murphy and Jean McDougall.

Miss Florence Taylor, of Gananoque, continues her interest in Pundita Ramabai's wonderful work among the child-widows and orphans of India. She has enlisted the co-operation of several ex-Branksome girls, and has thus collected a considerable sum of money for the work.

Miss Muriel Robertson is on the staff of Branksome this year, teaching piano.

The following are some Winnipeg items:

"Miss Geraldine Stephenson and Mr. Percy Bull were married last June; and in the same month Miss Alice Fortune and Mr. Charles H. Allen were married quietly.

"Miss Mary Elliott has been visiting friends in Minneapolis for some time, and has just returned home.

"On October 25th Mrs. Crawford gave a large house dance in honor of Constance's début. It was an exceedingly enjoyable dance.

"Miss Gladys Whyte spent most of the summer at the Coast. This seems to be a habit that Gladys has acquired.

"The engagement is announced of Miss Gwendoline Richardson to Mr. Percy Boyce. We all remember Gwennie and her innumerable 'scrapes.'

"One of the large social events of this fall was the wedding of Miss Edith Anderson and Mr. Harry Joyce in October."



## Branksome Conundrums.

1. An article of head gear.....Capp
2. A bird of prey.....Hawke
3. A Canadian General.....Brock
4. An English royal house.....Stewart
5. A good sticker.....Burr
6. A bird and a preposition.....Larkin
7. A county in England.....Sussex
8. A plant that grows in the water.....Reid
9. A verb of prevention.....Hinder
10. A famous type.....Gibson
11. A domestic apparatus.....Cook
12. A disciple and a foolish animal.....Lucas
13. The B. H. Ecclesiastics.....Bishop
14. Famous fairy tales.....Anderson
15. A make of biscuits.....Christie
16. A consonant and the Chinaman's staff of life.....Bryce
17. A sting and a weight.....Nettleton
18. A mountainous region in Austria.....Tyrrell
19. The maker of the staff of life.....Baker
20. Made too much of in school life.....Marks
21. Concerning a horse.....Equi
22. Uncovered.....Baird
23. Two letters of the alphabet.....Ellis

## Jokes.

Scene—Union Station.

Hotel Porter to young man)—Prince George, sir?

Young Man—No, Smith; Bill Smith.—Ex.

Mabel—Miss Soandso is a very noisy lady.

Gladys—How is that?

Mabel—She always finishes her toilet with a bang.

Little Girl (at vocal recital during selection from Italian grand opera)—Mother, they've all forgotten the words of the piece, and every time that girl tries to tell them they shout at her.

Young Lady (after telling a nice juicy piece of scandal)—And if you tell anyone be sure and whisper, because I promised I'd keep it a secret.

Mother—There now, don't whip Johnny. You know the Bible says: "Let not the sun descend upon your wrath."

Father—That's all right, but it does not say not to let your wrath descend upon the son.—Globe.

Pat—How much did they charge you for your lunch?

Sandy—Ninepence, and I found twopence under the plate.  
—Life.

## Just Suppose.

Helen brought taffy to school.

Miss R. said, "How perfectly ridiculous!"

Branksome should turn suffragette.

Mary Mac. should argue.

Ruth should be late for school.

Somebody paid their Beta Kappa fee.

Alexe said, "My dee-ar."

Miss G. said, "Oh, I say."

Helen said, "Je ne sais pas."

There was any kissing in the halls.

Mabel said, "I say, has the bell gone yet?"

The walk lost the step.

There was a "King"

Who had a "Queen."

He had to "Hayter"

But he couldn't "Shuter,"

So he took her up "Yonge,"

And "Bloor" east and west.



## LOCAL ANÆSTHETICS.

Miss M. G. M. (in French)—Learn “dire” also for next day.  
Ainslie—Oh, dear!

Mabel (learning verses in Isaiah)—I’m just longing to get to John, and then I can make up.

Aileen M.—Well, I’m going to get my brother a pendant for Christmas.

Helen (preparing a tramp’s costume for the masquerade)—I must have a hole in my stocking.

Ruth—Oh, don’t! You would look much too natural.

Miss M. (in German class)—Now, all of you think that sentence out.

(The class immediately begins “to think” aloud.)

Miss M.—Don’t think it “out,” think it “in.”

Jessie—What is the Yellow Peril?

Ruth (vaguely)—Why, you mean cholera, don’t you?

Miss R.—What are catacombs?

Alleen—Things butterflies come out of.

Dora A.—How do you get there?

Mad—Well, I’ll draw you a diaphragm of the place.

Branksome diseases—Perdritis and Osculitis.

Edna (just recovered from a bad attack)—I wonder who I’ll get a crush on now.

Student—Can you change five cents, Miss G.?

Miss G.—I’ll have to go to the office and gets some cents.

Grace (translating the German story about the gold-beetle)—“So they took the goldfish out of the ink and dried his hind legs.”

Miss M. (in Lit.)—You had two speeches to learn for today—“Friends, Romans, countrymen,” and “If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.” How many are prepared?



Miss R. (to History of Art class, busy writing the life of Dürer)—Now, all those who have finished their lives may continue copying their notes.

Fortune Teller (to Dora T.)—Well, you “read” quite a lot.

Helen (on arriving at school one morning)—If I had slept until doomsday, I wouldn’t be awake yet.

Aileene—Oh, this ribbon is so crushed!

Grace—Then, why did you wear it when Ruth was around?

Madeline—Do you want a bun, Gertrude?

Gertrude—Don’t say “bun,” say “roll,” it’s much more aristocratic.

Madeline—Have some butter?

Gertrude—Merci, vous êtes si bonne.

Madeline (decidedly)—Don’t say “bun,” say “roll.”



*“They simply flew at each other.”*

Miss M. (telling the Second Form how to sit)—Now, just put your seat in your lap.

Boarder—Who would like my ticket for the concert to-night?

Day Girl (excitedly)—Oh, I would love it.

Boarder—*She* isn't going.

Day Girl (in a most disappointed tone)—Oh!

Who knows how to take a joke?

The Editors of the Slogan.

Mary (guiltily)—How did you know I had your book?

Helen—I saw it in your eye.

Irma (looking in vain for her favorite magazine)—My Life, my Life, who has my Life.

Maddy (gesticulating wildly)—Don't disturb me, Dora, I'm elocuting.

Aileen—Do you object to eating candies on the street?

Ruth C.—Not if someone else buys them.

Miss G. (relating the events of a football match in the Old Land)—Why, trains came to it from all over the world.

Chorus—From all over the world?

Miss G. (modestly)—Well, I mean from England.

Marjorie—Maddy, I have predicted on this paper what you will be doing a year from now.

Madeline—Well, read out your predicament.

The Prefect's Motto—Make a noise quietly.

Miss R.—Isn't the gymnasium floor splendid.

Mabelle—Yes, they be's waxing it now.

First Scholar—What does "pourquoi" mean?

Second Scholar—Why?

First Scholar—Well, I want to know!

Miss A. (giving a music lesson)—Now, my dear, you know that one "f" means "forte." what do two "f's" mean?

Junior Pupil (sweetly)—Eighty.

Edith L. (in Geometry)—I don't understand that, Miss R.

Miss R.—Well, don't you see, Edith, that a part of you is greater than the whole of you.

A brief tragedy in the French Grammar:

Elle est née—She was born.

Elle est morte—She died.

Elle est montée—She has gone up.

Scholar—Why doesn't "happen" have a supine in Latin?  
Miss M.—Oh, just because it happened that way.

Betty (to ardent Junior basketball player)—Are you playing centre?

Little Girl—No, I'm playing basketball.

Despairing Editor to Ruth C. (Nov. 1st)—Got any jokes for the Slogan?

R. C.—Tee hee! Tee hee! Nothing as yet.

(Ed. note—This is a joke! Can you see the Point?)

Annabel—Oh, girls! Have you heard the latest joke? Teddy was It, but is now ex-It!



*"She tooted up stairs."*







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